MISCELLANY.

POPPING CORN.

Don't talk to me of balls and routs,
And such like giddy whirls;
They don't compare with old-time sports,
We had when we were girls,
At apple-bees, and candy-pulls,
And husking-parties gay;
The young folks would affect to scorn
Such small affairs to-day.

One night—I've not forgot it yet,
Though years have passed since then—
The young folks met at Polly Good's,
In number eight or ten;
And Peter Blank, he, too, was there,
Of that you may be certain
(The young folks all around there said
That Pete and I were courting).

They then proposed that Pete and I
Should pop some corn together,
While they should play a forfeit game
Called "Cold, stormy weather."
Well, yes; the plan was pleasing, quite,
Though one of their inventions;
But in the end it failed to meet
Their laudable intentions.

For while we popped the corn so nice,
Peter, he popped *the question*.
I will confess, I felt as best
As them that's whipped at 'lection.
I never thought about the corn;
'T was Peter's fault, alack!
While he was whispering love to me
The corn had all burned black.

I never shall forget that night;
I burned my face and fingers;
And how the girls did laugh to see
The pop-corn black as cinders!
Of course they didn't fail to guess
The truth in shortest meter.
I only hope they all have
A husband good as Pete.

—*Youth's Companion.*

AGAINST WIND AND TIDE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Jack Ramsdale was a bad boy. He had been a bad boy so long that secretly he was rather tired of it; but he really did not know how to help himself. It was his reputation, and it is a curious thing how naturally we all live up to our reputations; that is to say, we do the things which are expected of us. There is a deal of homely sense in the old proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Give a boy a bad name, and he is reasonably sure to deserve one. Not but Jack Ramsdale had fairly earned his bad name. His mother had died before he was old enough to remember her, so he had never known what a home was. Once, when his father was unusually good-natured, he had asked him some questions about his mother.

"She was one of God's saints, if ever there was one," the man answered, half reluctantly. "Everybody wondered that she took up with me, but maybe it was because she saw I needed her more than anybody else did. She might have made a different man of me if she'd lived; at least, I've always thought so. I never drank so much when she was alive but what I kept a comfortable home over her head. But when she was gone, it didn't appear to me there was anything left to live for. I lacked comfort sorely, and I don't say but what I've sought for it in by-paths—by and forbidden paths, as she used to say."

"I wish I could ha' seen her," said Jack.

"She was a dreadful motherly creetur, and was always hangin' over you. Cold nights I've known her get up half-a-dozen times, often, to see if the clothes was all up over your shoulders; and sometimes I've seen her stand there looking down at you in the biting cold till I thought she'd freeze; but I didn't dare to say anything, for her lips was moving, and I knew she was prayin' for you. She was a prayin' woman, your mother was. I used to think her prayers would save both of us."

"I can't make out how she looked," Jack persisted. He was so anxious to hear something about this dead mother who had loved him so. Ever since she died, he had been knocked round from pillar to post, as they say, with his father. Sam Ramsdale was good help, as all the farmers knew, when he was sober; but he was not reliable, and then he had the disadvantage of always being encumbered with the boy, whom he took with him everywhere—an unkempt, undisciplined little fellow whom no one liked. Now, as his father talked, it seemed to him so strange a thing to think that some one used to stand beside his bed in cold winter nights and pray for him, that he could hardly believe it; and he said again, out of his desolate longing—

"I wish I could ha' seen how she looked."

"I don't suppose folks would ha' said she was much to look at." His father spoke in a musing sort of way. "She was a little pale slip of a woman, with soft yellow hair droopin about her white face, and eyes as blue as them blue flowers you picked up along the road. But there, I can't talk about her, and I aint a goin' to, what's more; and don't you ever ask me again!"

From that time Jack never dared to ask any more questions about his mother, but all through his troublesome, turbulent boyhood he remembered the meagre outlines of the story which had been told him. No matter how bad he had been through the day, the nights were few when he failed to think how once a pale slip of a woman, with soft yellow hair around her white face, and eyes blue as the blue gentians, had bent above his slumbers and said prayers for him.

When he was ten years old his father died in the poor-house. Drink had enfeebled his constitution; a sudden cold did the rest. There were a few weeks of terrible suffering, and then the end came. Jack was with him to the last. There was nowhere else for him to be, and the father liked to have him in his sight. One day, just before the end, when they were alone, the man called the boy to his bedside.

"I can't tell you to follow my example, Jack; that's the shame of it. I've got to hold myself up as a warnin', and not as an example. Just you steer us clear o' my ways as you can; but remember that your mother was a prayin' woman. I s'pose nobody'd believe it, Jack; but since I've been lyin' here I've kinder felt nearer to her than I ever did before since she died. Seems as if I could a'most hear her prayin' for me; and I think, by times, that the God she lived so close to won't say no. It's the 'leventh hour, Jack, the 'leventh hour, I know that as well as anybody; but she used to sing a hymn about while the lamp holds out to burn. When I get there I shall get rid of this awful thirst for drink. It's been an *awful* thirst; no hunger that I know of can match it; but I shall get rid of that when this old body goes to pieces. And what does a Savior mean, if it ain't that he'll save us from our sins if we ask him?"

As he said these last words he seemed sinking into a state of stupor, but he started out of it to say once more:

"Never follow my example, Jack, boy. Remember your mother was a prayin' woman."

Those were the last connected words any one ever heard him speak. After that the night came on—the double night of darkness and of death. Once or twice the woman who acted as nurse, bending over him, heard him mutter, "The 'leventh hour, Jack!" and afterward she wondered whether it was a presentiment, for it was just at eleven o'clock that he died.

Jack had been sent to bed a little before, and when he got up in the morning, he knew that he was all alone in the world.

After the funeral Deacon Small took him home. He wouldn't be of much use for two or three years to come, the deacon said. "Maybe he could drive up the cows, and ride the horses to plow, and scare the crows away from the corn, but he couldn't earn his salt for a number o' years to come. However, somebody must take him, and he guessed he would. It would be a good spell before the "erectur" would come of age, and the last part of the time he might be smart enough to pay off old scores."

But surely Jack Ramsdale must have eaten more salt than ever boy of ten ate before if he did not work for it, for it was Jack here and Jack there, all day long. Jack did everybody's errands; Jack drew Mrs. Small's baby-grandchild in its little covered wagon; Jack scoured the knives; Jack brought the wood; Jack picked berries; Jack weeded flower-beds. From being an idle little chap, in everybody's way, as he had been in his father's time, he was pressed right into hard service for more hours in the day than any man worked about the place. Now work is good for boys, but all work and no play—worse yet, all work and no love—is no good for any one. Jack grew bitter; and where he dared to be cruel, he was cruel; where he dared to be insolent, he was insolent. Not toward Deacon Small, however, were these qualities displayed. The deacon was a hard master, and the boy feared, and hated and obeyed him. But as the years went on, five of them, he grew to be generally considered a bad boy. At fifteen he was strong of his age, a man, almost, in size.

His schooling had been confined to the short winter terms, and he had always been the terror of every successive schoolmaster.

When he was fifteen, a new teacher came—a handsome, graceful young man, just out of college. He was slight rather than stout, well-dressed, well-mannered, fit, you would have said, for a lady's drawing-room rather than the country schoolhouse in winter, with its big boys, tough customers many of them, and Jack Ramsdale the toughest customer of all. After Mr. Garrison had passed his examination, one of the committee, impressed by what he thought a certain fine-gentleman air in the young man, warned him of the rough times in store for him, and in especial of the rough strength and insubordination of Jack Ramsdale. Ralph Garrison smiled a calm smile, but uttered no boasts.

He had been a week in the school before he had any especial trouble. Jack was taking his measure. The truth was, the boy had a certain amount of taste, and Garrison's gentlemanliness impressed him more than he would have cared to own. It is possible that he might have gone on, quietly and obediently, but that now his bad name began to weigh him down. The boys who had looked up to him as a leader in evil grew impatient of his quiet submission to rules. "Got your match, Jack?" said one. "Goin' to own beat without giving it a try?" said another. And Jack began to think that the evil laurels he had won, as the bravo and bully of the school, would fall withered from his brow if he didn't make some effort to fasten them.

So one morning, midway between recess and the close of school, he took out an apple and began paring it with a jack-knife and eating it. For a moment Mr. Garrison looked at him; then he remarked, with ominous quietness, in a tone lower and more gentle than usual—

"Jack, this is not the place or time for eating."

"My place and time to eat are when I am hungry," Jack answered, with cool insolence, cutting off a mouthful, and carrying it deliberately to his mouth.

"You will put up that apple instantly, if you please."

Still the teacher spoke very gently, and turned a little pale. The persuasive words and the slight paleness misled Jack. He thought his victory was to be so easily won there would not even be any glory in it. He smiled and ate, quite at his ease.

"Come here, sir, if you please," said the teacher.

"Well, I don't please to," said Jack defiantly.

"You will come here whether you please or not," was the next sentence from the teacher's desk. Jack cut off another mouthful and sat still.

Then he never knew how it was, but suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, he felt himself pulled from his seat out into the middle of the floor, while knife and apple flew from his hand. He kicked, he struggled, he tried to strike; but an iron grasp held his wrists. The strong muscles of the stroke-oar at Harvard did good service. The handsome face was pale, but the lips were set like steel, and the cool eyes never wavered as they fixed and held those of the young bully. Then suddenly he whipped from his pocket a ball of strong fish-line and bound the struggling wrists tightly, and, pushing a chair towards his captive, said, coolly—

"I want nothing more of you till after school. You can sit or stand, as you please. Now I will hear the first class in arithmetic."

There was a strange hush in the school, and every scholar knew who was master.

When all the rest had gone, the teacher turned to Jack Ramsdale.

"I took you a little by surprise," he said. "Perhaps you are not yet satisfied that I am stronger than you."

"Yes, I'm satisfied," Jack answered. "I ain't so mean but what I'm willing to own beat when it's done fair and square."

Mr. Garrison, meanwhile, was untying his wrists. As he unwound the last coil, he said—

"The forces of law and order are what rule the world. I think if you fight against them, you'll always be likely to find yourself on the losing side."

A great bitter wave of defiance swelled up in Jack's heart; not against Mr. Garrison as an individual, but against such as he—handsome, graceful, cultured—against his own hard lot, against a prosperous world, against, it almost seemed, God himself.

"What do *you* know about it?" he said, sullenly. "You never had to fight. It was all on your side. God did it. He made you handsome and strong, and had you to go to school and college, and grow up a gentleman. And he made me"—how the face darkened here!—"what you see. He took my mother, who did love me, and pray for me, away from me when I wasn't more than three years old. He gave me to a father who drank hard, and taught me nothing good. And then he took even him away from me, and handed me over to Deacon Small; and I tell you, teacher, you don't know what a tough time is till you've summered and wintered with Deacon Small. I've got a bad name, and who wonders? and I feel like living up to it. I hadn't anything against you, specially; but if I'd given in peaceably to all your rules, the boys would have said I had grown chicken-hearted, and a little name for pluck is all the name I have got."

Mr. Garrison looked at him a few moments steadily. Then he said:

"It does seem as if fate had been hard on you. But do you know what I think God has been doing for you, in giving you all these hard knocks? for things don't *happen*: God never lets go the reins."

The boy looked the question he did not speak, and Mr. Garrison went on.

"I think he has been making you strong, just as rowing against wind and tide made my wrists strong, until now you could fight all your enemies if you would.

"The thing we are put here for," he continued, "is to do our best; and if we are doing that in God's sight, there is nothing that can prevail against us: not fate, or foes, or poverty, or any other creature. There is nothing in all the universe that is strong enough to stand against a soul that is bound to go up and not down. You may go home now."

It was one of Mr. Garrison's merits that he knew when to stop. Jack Ramsdale went home with that last sentence ringing in his ears—

"There is nothing in all the universe that is strong enough to stand against a soul that is bound to go up and not down."

The words went with him all the rest of the day. They lay down with him at night, and he looked out of his window and fixed his eyes on a bright, far-off star, and thought of them.

What if he should turn all the strength that was in him to going up and not down? If he did right, who could make him afraid? If he served willingly, he need fear no master. It was very late, and the star, obedient to the law which rules the worlds, had marched far on, out of his sight, before he went to sleep. He had made a resolve. In the strength of that resolve he awoke to the new day.

"I will not go down," he said to himself; "I will go up and on!"

He was not all at once transformed from sinner to saint. Such sudden changes do not belong to this slow world. But the purpose and aim of his life was changed. Never again did he lose sight of the shining heights he meant to climb. If the mother in the heavenly home could look down on the world below, she knew that not in vain had she been "a praying woman." To Mr. Garrison the boy's devotion was something wonderful—humble, loyal, faithful and never ceasing. From being the teacher's terror, Jack had become the teacher's friend.—*Youths' Companion.*

A Convention by Telegraph.

The Troy (N. Y.) papers give an account of a meeting of the employes of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company embraced in the First Division, which was held Sunday afternoon. The meeting was in reference to the death of G. L. Goodwin, late Superintendent of that division. All the stations included in that division were connected into one circuit, extending from New York to Albany, thence via Troy to Saratoga and return to Albany, westward to Syracuse, and via Oswego, Clyde, and Rochester to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, back from Buffalo via Auburn, Seneca Falls, etc., to Auburn again. The meeting was held by telegraph. Each person remained in his own office and telegraphed his remarks or motions to the others. Promptly at 2 p. m. (Buffalo time) New York called the meeting to order. Buffalo moved that Mr. Hauff, chief operator at New York, be made permanent chairman. The motion was seconded by Troy, and carried. The chairman then suggested that Mr. McCoy, manager of the Buffalo office, be nominated as secretary, to which the meeting unanimously resolved in the affirmative. The chairman then said: "I think it is well understood that the object of this meeting is to take some measures in respect to C. L. Goodwin, our late superintendent, and pass resolutions of respect and sympathy. Any remarks will now be in order. Allow me to suggest that they be brief, as we have not much time, after which I will call on Mr McCoy for a short statement of the particulars of his death." Albany then moved that a committee from the Buffalo office, with Mr. McCoy as chairman, be appointed to draft resolutions. Seconded by Brewster's and carried. Buffalo then announced the names of nine gentlemen connected with that office as the Committee on Resolutions. The chairman then called on Mr. McCoy, of Buffalo, for the particulars of Mr. Goodwin's illness and death, to which Mr. McCoy responded with remarks of about thirty minutes duration, which were listened to with the closest attention. New York then asked if any one else had any remarks to offer. Troy said: "I presume many of us would, but as the time is going fast, I suggest we hear the resolutions at once." The resolutions were then read and adopted, and an adjournment then followed. The meeting was entirely harmonious throughout, and the state of the weather and condition of the wires peculiarly favorable to its success.

—It is rumored that the wife of one of those New Haven aldermen purposes bringing suit against the mayor of that city for giving her husband too much champagne last week on the occasion of a supper tendered to the members of the municipal government; the worser half in question having utterly failed to convince her that his inclination to go to bed with his boots on was solely because "ishe-cream dishorder d'gesh'n an' give feller col' feet.

CINCINNATI allows passengers who don't find a seat in the horse-cars the privilege of not paying their fares. It makes the young men very gallant.

Theodore Hook's Practical Jokes.

One of the most annoying hoaxes ever recorded was that which, about sixty years ago, was known in London as the "Berners street hoax." Berners street is a quiet street of hotels and shops with private-looking windows; in 1810, it was still more quiet, inhabited by well-to-do families living in a genteel way. One morning, soon after breakfast, a wagon-load of coals drew up before the door of a widow lady in the street, and soon afterward a van-load of furniture, then came a hearse with a coffin, and a train of mourning-coaches. Presently arrived two fashionable physicians, a dentist, and an accoucheur, driving up as near as they could to the door, and wondering why so many lumbering vehicles were so near at hand. Six men brought a great chamber-organ; a coach-maker, a clock-maker, a carpet-manufacturer, and a wine merchant sent specimens of their goods; a brewer brought several barrels of ale; curiosity-dealers brought sundry knickknacks. A piano-forte, linen, jewelry, wigs and head-dresses, a cart-load of potatoes, ices, jellies, were among the things brought to (or at least near) the house; while mantua-makers came with baskets of millinery and fancy articles, and opticians with telescopes. Then, after a time, trooped in from all quarters, coachmen, footmen, cooks, house-maids, nursery-maids, and other servants, coming in quest of situations. To crown all, persons of distinction came in their carriages—the Commander-in-Chief, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Cabinet-Minister, the Lord-Chief-Justice, the Governor of the Bank of England, the Chairman of Directors of the East India Company, an eminent Parliamentary philanthropist, and the Lord Mayor. The last-named functionary—one among those who speedily saw that all had been victimized by a gigantic hoax—drove to Marlborough street police office, and told the sitting magistrate that he had received a letter from a lady in Berners street, to the effect that she had been summoned to attend at the Mansion House, that she was extremely ill, that she wished to make a deposition upon oath, and that she would deem it a great favor if his Lordship would call upon her. All the other persons of eminence had had their commiseration appealed to in a somewhat similar way. Police-officers (there were no policemen in those days) were sent to keep order in Berners street, which was nearly choked with vehicles, jammed and interlocked one with another; the drivers were irritated, the disappointed tradesmen were exasperated, and a large crowd enjoyed the malicious fun. Some of the vans and goods were overturned and broken; while a few casks of ale became a prey to the populace. All through the day, until late at night, did this extraordinary state of things continue, to the terror and dismay of the poor lady and the other inmates of the house. Every one found directly that it was a hoax; but the name of the hoaxer was not known till long afterwards. This, it appeared, was Theodore Hook, one of the most inveterate punsters and jokers of the day. He had noticed the very quiet character of Berners street, and the name of Mrs. —— on a brass plate on one of the doors; he laid a wager with a brother wag who accompanied him, that he would make that particular house the talk of the whole town. And he assuredly did it. He devoted three or four days to writing letters in the name of Mrs. ——, to tradesmen of all kinds, professional men, distinguished personages, and servants out of place; all couched in a lady-like style, and requesting the persons addressed to come to Berners street on the appointed day, for reasons specially stated. Hook took a furnished lodging just opposite the house, and there posted himself with two or three companions on the day in question, to enjoy the scene. He deemed it expedient, however, to go off quickly into the country, and there to remain *incog.* for a time; if he had been publicly known as the author of the hoax, it is probable that he would have fared badly.

The incidents in the life of Hook comprise many in which that unscrupulous man played the part of hoaxer. One of his victims was Romeo Coates, a man about town in the days of Regency—a beau, an amateur actor, who delighted in riding through the streets in the West End in a bedizened pink coat of extraordinary shape. One day this individual received an invitation to a magnificent entertainment given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House. He was almost crazy with joy at the honor; dressed and adorned himself to the highest attainable pitch, and drove in his fanciful chariot to Carlton House. The card of invitation passed him safely through all the outer portals and corridors; but when a private secretary or chamberlain at length scrutinized it, he pronounced it to be a forgery. In vain did poor Romeo Coates protest that he knew nothing of any forgery or hoax; he was turned back; and as his equipage had driven away, he had to pick his way to the nearest hackney-coach stand. It turned out that Theodore Hook had cleverly imitated the invitation card, one veritable specimen of which he had contrived to obtain the loan of for a few hours.

A New Process of Divorce.

A young man in London, who had an unmanageable wife, has contrived a new plan of separation, which dispenses with the costs and disagreeable publicity of a divorce suit, and seems to answer a better purpose—better because it includes immediate provision for the discarded wife, and does not draw upon the exchequer of the husband. This particular ingenious Englishman, named Earle, first agreed with his wife that a separation was absolutely necessary for the peace of both, and they separated and lived in the same house as brother and sister. They were entirely proper and loving in their relation of brother and sister, and Earle busied himself in hunting up an eligible gentleman for his sister's future companion. He found one, introduced him, and there was in due time a very quiet wedding in that house. Earle gave his reputed sister away with a joy-beaming countenance, and both the Earles thought they had done a good thing. Some of their neighbors thought it was a very queer thing, and talked loudly about it. The new husband learned the history of the Earls, and ran off, and his new wife, unwilling to give him up, ran after him. Neither of the strange couple have been heard of since. Earle was arrested—on what charge is not stated. There was probably no law made and provided for this particular case. He expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with what he had done, and told the judge that he had given his wife away because he could not succeed in getting along with her. This was his only excuse. The judge sentenced him to two months' imprisonment, which was perfectly satisfactory to the emancipated husband, and he embraced his temporary chains with delight.

A Novelty in Hoaxes.

About two weeks ago Brooklyn was visited by two elaborately dressed gentlemen, who gave the names respectively of Coleman and Brainerd. Coleman represented himself as a resident of Pittsburgh. He wore a profusion of diamonds, the solitaire on his shirt front out-dazzling the largest gem in the hilt of Nesrel-Deen's sword. Mr. Brainerd, as to dress, was like him. The strangers made themselves known to Brooklyn people, but bestowed their attentions mainly upon well-known musicians or those known in musical circles, and to these they set forth the object of their visit. It was to secure the services of twenty first-class lady vocalists, and gain for them renown abroad. They proposed to make preparations for a series of one hundred vocal concerts in various cities, and at the proper time to electrify the dwellers in those cities with the talent of their brilliant company.

They procured a list of Brooklyn's singers, and after having heard them all in ballad, rondo, anthem, and dirge, the two impressarios engaged Miss Iona Belle Reynolds, a gifted soprano; Mrs. J. M. Davidson, contralto; Miss Hall, soprano; Miss Louise Kemlo, contralto, and fifteen chorus singers. To these ladies the business of rehearsing began without delay.

From New York Messrs. Brainerd & Coleman brought Mrs. Mary Gellie Fox, of of 10 Union square; Mme. Mozaul, the pianist; Miss Lizzie Ramage, a contralto, and others. The troupe now numbered thirty. Rehearsals were of daily occurrence, and the ladies were delighted with the brilliant prospect. Sometimes the rehearsals were at private houses in Brooklyn, but occasionally they were given at Dramatic Hall, near Broadway and Bleecker street, New York.

Last Saturday everything was seemingly in readiness for the opening of a successful season. Brainerd & Coleman had contracted for the printing of 25,000 handbills, and many mammoth posters in colors; and had chartered the best hall in nearly every city between New York and Detroit. Bills and tickets had been sent to Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Troy and Albany. Saturday's rehearsal was to be the last, for the first concert was to have been given in Newburgh to-night. There was a full attendance of the troupe at Dramatic Hall, and everybody was ambitious. The ladies were to be paid their two weeks' salaries in advance on that day, and they were jubilant. The rehearsal was a grand success.

Mr. Coleman, who had been attending to the business at the different places, returned to enjoy the rehearsal. He complimented the pianist, praised the efforts of the contraltos and sopranos, and went into ecstacies over the brilliant performances of the *prima donna*, of whom, it should be noted, the troupe boasted two—Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Fox.

While Mr. Coleman was complimenting the artists, Mr. Brainerd quit the hall. At the close of the rehearsal, Mr. Coleman, missing his partner, went out to look for him. Four hours later the ladies learned Mr. Brainerd had run away with Mr. Coleman's trunks, one of which contained $6,000 worth of diamonds, and any quantity of greenbacks; and not long after they discovered that Mr. Coleman, in his desperation, had followed the robber, no one knew whither.

It was plain now that the "Brooklyn Ladies"—so the troupe was designated on the bills—were the dupes of a pair of rascals. Some of the ladies had gone to great expense in preparing toilettes for the concerts, one, at least, having disbursed every dollar of her hard-earned savings, depending upon her first two weeks' salary to settle her outstanding bills.—*New York Sun, Sept. 1.*

Cunning of the Fox.

On the banks of the Kentucky River rise huge rocky bluffs, several hundred feet in height. A fox that lived near this river was constantly hunted, and as regularly lost over the bluff. Now, nothing short of wings would have enabled the animal to escape with life down a perpendicular cliff. At last a hunter, being determined to discover the means by which the animal baffled them, concealed himself near the bluff.

Accordingly, in good time the fox came to the top of the cliff as usual, and looked over. He then let himself down the face of the cliff by a movement between a leap and slide, and landed on a shelf not quite a foot in width about ten feet down the cliff. The fox then disappeared in a hole above the shelf. On examination, the shelf turned out to be the mouth of a wide fissure in the rock, into which the fox always escaped. But how was he to get out again? He might slide down ten feet, but he could never leap ten feet from such a small shelf upon the perpendicular rock. The impossibility struck the hunter's mind, so he instituted a search, and at length discovered an easier entrance into the cave from the level ground.

The fox was too wise to use that entrance when the hounds were behind him; so he was accustomed to cut short the scent by dropping down the rock, and then, when all the dogs were at the edge of the cliff, he walked out at his leisure by the other entrance.

The Danes.

Very little is known by Americans of life in Denmark; but it is a life quite worth understanding. There is no nation in the world where culture goes for so much. The different grades in society are marked not by the amount of wealth, but by the different degree of refinement and education. A family who eat their meals from silver plates, and are served by men in livery to the rarest viands, will be on the most intimate terms with the family of a poor artist or literary man who has no carpets on his floor, and only scant meals on his table. But both families will alike be interested in the great march of civilization—they will know what is passing in different lands, be aware of the new discoveries in science, the fresh triumphs in literature. A Danish girl has other interests than flirtation, other ambitions than fashion. The life there is quiet, peaceful, and intelligent; and the people are self-respecting and courteous.